

THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL.

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VOL. XXXVII.

PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907

NO. 8.

Presentment of Grand Jury.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, } ss.
County of Pickens.

We, the Grand Jury, beg leave to make this, our final presentment, at this term of the Court:

I. We have passed upon all bills placed in our hands by the Solicitor, and made such returns thereon as the evidence warranted, in our judgment.

II. We have, by committee, examined all the various offices of the county, and report thereon as follows: We find the several offices in good condition and the bonds of the officers satisfactory to us. We checked up the Supervisors' books as to the expenditures through that office, and found the same correct. We took the settlement made by the Comptroller-General with the County Treasurer, and the same satisfied us as being correct.

III. It having been reported to us that there is at present some illicit traffic going on in the county in liquor, we recommend that the officers of the county be instructed to use more vigilance in apprehending all persons so engaged; and we also ask all the good citizens of the county to render such assistance as they can by reporting to magistrates and some member of the Grand Jury any and all persons whom they may know to be engaged in such business. The Grand Jurors will pledge themselves to have all violators prosecuted without disclosing the name of the informant.

IV. We recommend that the addition be made to the courthouse according to the plan made by the architect, Mr. J. H. Case, the same can be done for an amount not exceeding the amount as stated by the Supervisor, and provided that he can procure the funds necessary for the same at the rate of interest and on the terms as stated by him to this Grand Jury.

V. We further recommend that our Representatives in the General Assembly make arrangements to procure the necessary funds to retire this obligation at a low rate of interest.

We thank His Honor, the Presiding Judge, the Solicitor and the other officers of the Court for the assistance rendered us in the discharge of our duties; and we take occasion to congratulate the citizenship of Pickens county on the very small number of criminal cases sent up for trial at this term of the Court.

Having completed our work, we beg to be discharged from further attendance at this term of the Court.

MATTHEW HENDRICKS,
Foreman.

June 4, 1907.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

REMARKABLE RESCUE

That truth is stranger than fiction has once more been demonstrated in the little town of F. dora Tolu., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me, and all hope had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. The instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased; the bleeding finished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work." Guaranties coughs and colds. 50c. and Pickens Drug Co., drug store, to free.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Pickens, R. D. 2.

As our lives have been prolonged and filled with blessings, we wish to commune with the many readers of the SENTINEL-JOURNAL a bit.

The dear old farmers are winding up their work through this section. Suppose they are feeling happy over their won victory. We are delighted to see crops looking well, and to state that the health of our community is very good. All nature seems to rejoice this morning, and should we not likewise be glad!

We are sorry to hear of so much fever in and around Pickens. We certainly sympathize with you all and hope the dread disease will soon cease.

J. P. Smith left last week for the Jamestown exposition.

Prof. McDuff Weams spent Saturday night with his friend D. Garrett. Several from this side attended the all-day singing at Pleasant Hill, Sunday.

The Garvin school opened on the 15th, with Perry Durham as teacher. FRIEND.

Missionary Mass Meeting.

A missionary mass meeting will be held at the Baptist church, Oolenoy, beginning on Friday before and embracing the first Sunday in August. A cordial invitation is extended to all Baptist churches and individuals to meet with us, that we may formulate a plan for church and individual co-operation in missions. We at Oolenoy believe in and practice the apostolic mode of missions as is set forth in the New Testament, and all who favor this plan we hope will meet with us, that we may consider the importance of forming ourselves into a co-operative body for missionary and church purposes. There are some members in nearly all churches that do nothing for missions. We especially invite you to come to our meeting, as we hope to interest and enlighten you in missions. And now dear sisters and brothers,

remember that the Lord gave the preaching of the gospel to His church. Among His last words to His church were: "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel." How can we close our ears against this solemn command of our Lord Jesus Christ? So come and let us reason together as to these things.

There will be preaching every day at 11 o'clock. We have also arranged to begin at this time a protracted meeting. Eld. G. P. Bostick is expected to be with us, who is now in from China on a visit. Also Elds. Owen, of North Carolina, and Newton, of Blacksburg.

W. C. SEABORN, Moderator.

The Handkerchief Bank.

"She's on to a little Sunday trick that a good many women know," said an observing policeman in the vicinity of several churches. "Whenever I see a woman give a gentle kick, as that one did, to a handkerchief that some one's dropped I always know she hopes to hear the chink of money. Especially on Sunday mornings is money frequently found knotted up in the corners of handkerchiefs. These invariably belong to women who, I suppose, haven't such a thing as a pocket and don't want to carry a purse to church, so they put enough small change for contribution and car fare into the corner of a handkerchief and tie it up. When a woman hears the metallic noise she's hoping for she has to pick up the entire handkerchief, no matter how muddy it may be, but a man whips out his knife, cuts the knot and pockets the money. The other Sunday morning I saw a man count out 80 cents which he had extracted from the corner of a disreputable looking handkerchief. If he hadn't given it a kick and heard the chink of the coins he'd never have thought of touching it."—New York Sun.

A Bit of Sarcasm.

"A poor tramp stopped at the door today," said Mrs. Subbubs, "and I gave him a good meal." "Well, well," sneered her husband. "why did you do that, softy?" "I just couldn't help it. He reminded me so of you. I asked him if he'd saw some wood for me, and he said he was too tired."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A New Orleans woman was thin.

Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food.

She took *Scott's Emulsion*.

Result:

She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

H. L. LOGEE,

SUCCESSOR TO

W. H. Chastain,

DEALER IN

SAWED OAK, PINE AND POPLAR LUMBER.

Oct. 1

R. F. D. 3, PICKENS, S. C.

POOR, BUT HONEST.

In Earning His Money He Did Just What He Said He Would.

The other noon, on a downtown street where a crowd of men gather along the sunny walk after their trips to nearby "quick lunches," there was a little scene enacted which illustrates vividly the attitude of "live and let live" which is the mark current of the ordinary New Yorker.

A young, smooth faced, sharp eyed chap climbed up on an empty box where the crowd of idlers from the shops and offices was thickest and began in a perfectly calm way to harangue those who would stop to listen to him. He gathered a number to him with his first few sentences:

"My friends, I ask you to pause for a moment and listen to my narrative. I am a poor but honest man. My motto is 'Excelsior,' with accent on the second syllable. My parents are dead, and I am a lone orphan.

"These personal facts are not related here to arouse your charitable instincts. I do not ask for charity. All I desire is a fair show to make my way in life, and, having walked these pavements for several days in search of work, I have come to this desperate pass.

"I propose to try to do something never yet done since Adam first wore trousers. I am going to pass among you with my hat and ask you to chip in a nickel apiece, and then, my friends, I shall attempt this wonderful feat. I shall try to turn a quadruple somersault in the air."

He jumped down from the box, gravely passed his hat around, paying no attention to the chaff addressed to him, and actually collected a score or more of nickels. When he was confident that no more were to be obtained he returned to the box, put it aside, carefully buttoned his coat, spat on his hands and turned a pretty fair somersault. He turned another and another, and then remounted the box and again addressed the crowd:

"Kind friends, I have tried to turn a quadruple somersault, as I said, but I cannot do it. Thanking you one and all, I remain yours truly."

And not a man in the crowd uttered a complaint as he faded swiftly from their midst.—New York Tribune.

Nursing Her Wrath.

Billy ran from the head of the stairs, where he had taken in the gist of the talk at the dining table below. In the nursery he found his younger brother.

"Gee, Jimmy," he cried, "mother's goin' to give it to daddy after the company's gone!"

"How do you know?" demanded Jimmy.

"Why," answered Billy, "he's told her three times hand runnin' she was mistaken about somethin', and she only said, 'Why, darlin'!'—Cleveland Leader.

FEAR OF GHOSTS.

Harmless Visitors From Whom We All Shrink In Terror.

Deep down in the heart of man there abides a firm belief in the power of the dead to walk upon the earth and frighten, if such be their pleasure, the souls of the living. Wise folks, versed in the sciences and fortified in mind against faith in aught that savors of the supernatural, laugh ideas of the kind to scorn, yet hardly one of them will dare to walk alone through a graveyard in the night, or if one be found so bold he will surely hasten his footsteps, unable wholly to subdue the fear of sheeted specters which may rise from the grass grown graves or emerge from moonlit tombs and follow on, for, strangely enough, the dead, if not actually hostile to the living, are esteemed dangerous and dreadful to encounter.

It used to be the fashion, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, to sweep away all such notions by saying that they had their origin in the childhood of the race and that they sprang from fear of the unknown. This unquestionably was the easiest way to dispose of them, but was it fair? The subject possesses intense interest for a great majority of mankind, and, though the existence of ghosts is unproved, there is undeniably a vast deal of testimony in their behalf that deserves serious and respectful consideration. Fortunately, within the last few years the attitude of science toward the problem has altogether changed, and, actuated by a new spirit of inquiry, the wise men have been engaged, thoughtfully and without prejudice, in studying it out.

While it cannot be said that any final and definite conclusions have as yet been reached, an immense amount of evidence has been sifted, enough to show pretty conclusively for one point that the traditional specter of the Cock Lane school, with clanking chain and attributes disagreeably suggestive of the grave, has no basis in fact. On the other hand, there are certain phantoms, altogether different in their characteristics, in whose behalf a mass of testimony is adduced far greater than would be required to establish complete proof in any ordinary case in a court of law. Nothing short of absolute demonstration in such a matter can be satisfactory, but the evidence in question certainly staggers incredulity.

Our fear of phantoms appears to spring from a dread of the unknown, the mysterious and the intangible. That it is a groundless terror is proved by the fact that in many thousands of cases of alleged spectral appearances subjected during the last few years to painstaking investigation not a single instance has been found in which an injury was inflicted by the ghost upon the person or persons to whom it presented itself. So that, even if we are to accept apparitions as veritable, we ought to regard them with curiosity rather than with apprehension, and instead of trying to avoid such supernatural visitors we should eagerly seek an opportunity to be haunted for the sake of observing for ourselves phenomena so intensely interesting.

Not a Spendthrift.

Anxious Mother—I hope you are not thinking of marrying young Clarkson. He spends every cent he earns. Pretty Daughter—Oh, well, he doesn't earn very much.—Chicago News.

Pessimism and a good dinner cannot both be in one man.—Exchange.

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